

Plans are on foot for the organization of a University branch of the S.P.F.W.G.F.A.D.L. In view of the widespread interest in the society in other institutions, it is expected that Wesley Oke, who is honorary organizer of the society, will be able to build up a strong branch. Further details will appear in The Gateway next week.



THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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ALL IS NOT DARK

A spirit of criticism is generally, though not always, a fairly reliable criterion of intellectual activity, current reports to the contrary. Even destructive criticism, so much condemned, is more often than not a necessary precedent of constructive criticism; for when all is reviewed, attention must be called to abuse before it can be reformed—before it will be thought of being reformed.

While this is true, we must not allow ourselves to be carried away by the spirit of criticism which seems to prevail around the campus just now. Let us criticize, certainly, where criticism is due, but let us not forget to appreciate the many good and admirable features of our University. For example, we can thank the powers of enlightenment that we can attend lectures where our professors discuss or refer to obvious natural truths quite frankly, without the slightest fear of being arraigned in the law courts of the land. This is only as it should be, we know, but it is not the happy case everywhere. In this respect, professors as well as students are fortunate; for there are very few students here—thank goodness—who go into a paroxysm and frantically declare, "I did not descend from a monkey!" when a professor so much as mentions "Evolution."

The enlightened authorities in an American university we have read of, recently put a ban on dancing within the university precincts, "because of the mutual proximity entailed in the modern dance!" We would have something to criticize indeed if such a decree were enacted here. Needless to say we are immeasurably removed from such insensible narrowness.

We do not propose to enter in detail into a review of the "advantages" we possess at the University of Alberta. The above examples may engender the realization of many more of their ilk. In twenty years our University has grown from nothing to one of Canada's finest. Such a rapid growth must have overlooked some defects in administration and control—defects which we must remember are capable of remedy. So again, let not be hypercritical.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, PROVIDED—

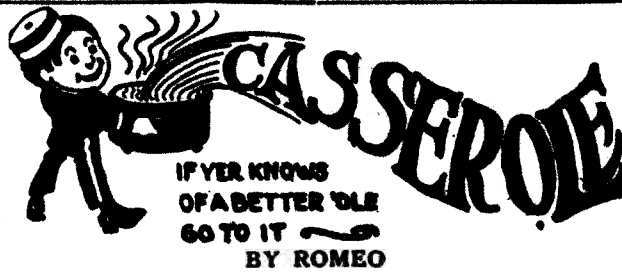
Not so long ago we received an article on realism, which was duly published. The writer considered the realism of modern fiction much too real, and consequently not at all nice. Most of us will agree that there is a great deal in real life that is not pleasant. Many things that actually happen are bad enough to experience, without constant reminders thereof in the things we read. Reading matter, therefore, should be all sweetness and light. We should follow with adults the same plan which we have adopted for the training of the infant mind. Anyone who is familiar with the reading material prescribed in public schools for children of tender years knows what is meant by this. In public school readers the only living things that have many failings are bad little boys and girls. All else is nearly as it should be. Birds, in particular, are the very embodiment of kindness. Hawks, owls, shrikes and other birds of prey do not figure very largely except they are required for the just punishment of the improvident field-mouse. The early bird catches the worm, and virtue is rewarded. Nothing is said of the wisdom of the worm in being out early. There is no such proverb as "Before getting up early, be sure you are a bird and not a worm." In fact, there is no harshness or injustice in the universe if one is virtuous. There should not be, and therefore there isn't.

No one will contend that children should have all the sordid aspects of life presented to them. It would serve no purpose, and would probably do incalculable harm. The case of the grown-up may not be greatly different. Constant harping on the horrible realities of life can do no good, and it is possible to face unpleasant facts without morbidly revelling in the contemplation of them.

But this brings us back to the quaecumque vera idea. As already noticed, we are quite willing to compromise with the truth where children are concerned; and we suspect that more than one of the faculty regard students as irresponsible children, who are not to be told too much truth, nor to be allowed to tell truths that may be embarrassing, or unwelcome for reasons of state. This is not hard to understand. At seven o'clock in the morning one does not love an alarm clock any better because of the fact that it tells the time truly. But in consideration of these facts, shouldn't we add a proviso to the University motto? Or shall we consider the motto a compromise too?

BLOOD AND REVOLUTION

We notice in "The Ubysey" of the University of British Columbia that a Mr. Windle of the Vancouver I.W.W. recently addressed a meeting of the Literary and Debating Society at the Society's invitation. Mr. Windle's subject was, "Who Owns Canada?" Prefacing our remarks with assurances that we are not members of the I.W.W. and that we are not particularly worried about the ownership of this fair Dominion, we should like to congratulate our sister University upon the fact that some, at least, of her students apparently have caught the spirit of liberal education. May we add that visits by some



A gentleman returned home one afternoon to find that his son was in disgrace. Mother announced that the little lad had been swearing. "I'll teach him to swear," roared the just, stern man. "Johnny, go upstairs!" The lad fled weeping to the head of the stairs, and father, seizing the weapon of correction, bounded with fitting determination towards the scion of the family, while the mother hid her eyes. Near the top, father stumbled and scraped his shin. !?!! "All right, dear," said mother, "that'll be enough for the first lesson."

Sign by a School Yard
GO SLOW!
AVOID CHILDREN

Literary Section

Romeo recently conducted a prize essay-contest, and we print below the winning contribution, from one of the Pembinites:

Boys

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try again." And he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a boy.

My girl is dumb from the neck up and not so good from the neck down, but—oh, boy, that neck!

There was a fire in a Glasgow tobacconist's shop recently. The police had considerable difficulty in dispersing the crowd which gathered to inhale the free smoke.

"The modern youth,"
Said Johnny Cottles,
"Respects old age when
It comes in bottles."

Spaghetti should not be cooked too long. About ten inches in enough for most people.

Student: "But I don't think I deserve a mere nought."
Professor: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I am able to give."

A hundred years ago today a wilderness was here. A man with powder in his gun, went forth to hunt a deer.

But times have changed somewhat, and are on a different plan—

A dear, with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.

The New Sport

Dear—— We are having a slaying party tomorrow night. Do come.

Triumph

Ha ha
Straighten out my icy legs, undertaker,
Rub a bit of rouge into my pallid cheeks
And fold my arms.
Into my veins pump
Embalming fluid.
Ha ha. —McGill Daily.

Modern novels are much alike.
There are only so many naughty things people can do.

A burglar isn't like a rich oil man. He doesn't think he is being persecuted when you make him give it back.

Definition of a hick town: Place where people buy from a mail order house because they are mad at one another.

Patient: "And what is my bill?"

Med: "Fifty dollars."

Patient: "Fifty dollars! Why, that makes my blood boil!"

Med: "Ten dollars extra, then, for sterilizing your blood."

Pome

In the middle of the winter,
In the cold and stormy weather,
Two can sleep alone
As well as one together.

There's a Reason

Contributor: "You sit on every joke I offer to you."

Editor: Yes, but I wouldn't if there were any point to them."

of the exponents of minority viewpoints would be appreciated by many Alberta students.

HEALTHY SLEEP

A question has been raised as to "whether our healthiness is to be the uncouth ruggedness of beef-fed Boeotia or the harmonious vitality of the sweet wise City with the Violet Crown." The probability is that beef will have to sustain us for some time to come. It may be, and probably is, true that we overrate what we believe to be our compensations. But in our blissful ignorance we find beef very solid and satisfying. We are still growing, and have large appetites. The Violet Crown usually adorns mature brows, and is even said to be a sign of approaching decline. While we may hope to acquire such ornaments in due course, we can afford to be patient. Therefore admitting the truth of Mr. Riddehough's assertions, we beg to assure him that we "dormientes" are not troubled by nightmares.



"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

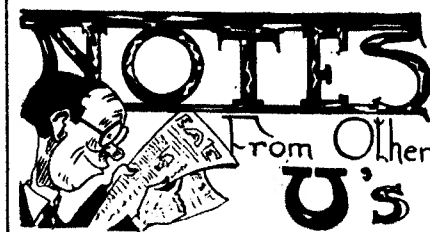
Dear Sir,—During the past few weeks particularly, we have been hearing a great deal about the failure of student government at the U. of A. May I have some of your so valuable space to discuss one of the suggestions that has been made regarding the cause of our sad condition—namely, the extreme youthfulness of the majority of our students.

Time was when 16-year-old Freshmen and Freshettes were rather rare specimens, and, as I remember, they did their best to become assimilated post haste into the older groups. And, whatever one may think of all college students, it will generally be admitted that the older ones have a greater responsibility—and is it not a sense of responsibility that is required to revive student activities? During the past few years, the average age of the Frosh has been decreasing considerably. The number of students around 16 years is now appallingly large, and, as a consequence our worthy University is beginning to look and feel like an overgrown high school.

The suggestion that has been put forward from time to time is that the age limit for entrance should be raised from 16 to, at least, 18. It is believed by a good many that such a move would be a good thing not only for the University, but for the students concerned. At least there is a strong presumption that such would be the case.

May I suggest that a discussion of this question would be in order—very much so.

A READER.



People of today, more than any other generation, have demanded continual change of sensation, according to Mrs. Carroll Aikens in her address on "Art and Entertainment in the Theatre," at a meeting in Toronto recently. Thus their attendance at the theatre is more for the amusement than for aesthetic pleasure.

In order to determine to what extent students at the University of Toronto defray their own expenses in getting an education, the Registrar's office has recently sent questionnaires to members of this year's graduating class. The extent and profit of previous summer employment, time spent in work outside of college and other pertinent questions are asked. The Registrar hopes from the statistics thus obtained to compile information for the benefit of students who plan to enter the University.

The Montreal tramway service is suing McGill University for \$1,000 damages done by students who painted street-cars during various periods of celebration. The McGill Daily believes it possible that some of its present or former students may paint cars for a living, if the Montreal cars ever are painted—"which we doubt"—but it adds that on the whole McGill graduates are not fortunate enough to get jobs as skilled painters, usually resorting to professorships, or employment in insurance offices.

Princeton's athletics for the year ending last July cleared a total of \$41,000, even though football was the only self-supporting sport in the entire group of intercollegiate and intramural games. Football netted a profit of \$212,544.

Petition Arouses Comment

Steadily increasing interest has been inspired by the circulation of the student petition for new university buildings, and the number of signatures is growing rapidly. So satisfactory has been the support accorded the petition that the organizers announce that they are now in a position to carry out their intention of presenting the results of their work to the U.M.S.U. Council and in asking the council to press the matter officially—"The Manitoban."

A stone from the University of Cracow, described by the "Pitt Weekly" as "Alma Mater" of Copernicus, has been promised for the Commons Room of the University of Pittsburgh's Cathedral of Learning. The University will try to have symbols representative of the outstanding universities of the world in the Commons Room, especially of foreign universities whose students have studied at Pittsburgh.

The form of mock parliament which has been introduced into Dalhousie University opened with pomp and ceremony last week.

Vagabonding Lauded

University professors seem to be unanimous in their approval of vagabonding on the part of students, that is, the attendance at lectures not prescribed on their courses.—The Varsity.

"Resolved that sport is carried to excess in Canadian university life" was the subject chosen for the debate between the Maritime debating team and the McGill debating team.—McGill Daily.

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New Guide To The University

II.—ATHABASCA HALL

By L.L.A.

"Not the piggery," I replied with a faint shudder; "I think you had better take me to Athabasca. I notice you haven't got your hat on."

My guide, who had never heard of the "Two Black Crows," appeared unaffected by my witticism. He reluctantly slid off the table, and we made our way through the dense fog and out the door.

"Athabasca," he explained, "is one of the residence buildings and, after Pembina, is one of the most important places on the campus."

We went down some stairs, and presently, after going through a very dark passage came out into a long passageway. My conductor told me we were now under Convocation Hall. The passage was extremely warm, and somewhere from behind one of the walls came a low whining sound. "That," remarked my guide, "is air passing through part of the ventilation system. It is a triumph of modern engineering; this is about the only part of the building it ventilates."

The Great Glacier

Going out a doorway at the end of this hall I was horrified to see, leading away uphill, a glittering surface which I rightly took to be ice. However, a man was at work clearing this away, and as usual we found the first mile the hardest. A high wind was blowing and we had some trouble in negotiating a particularly vicious flight of ice-covered steps leading up to a higher level of the grounds. "By rights we should be roped together and use ice-axes," remarked my guide. However, by crawling very gingerly upon our hands and knees we reached the top in safety. Shortly we arrived at the steps of Athabasca Hall, and our troubles were over, except that we had some difficulty in discovering which way the front door opened.

We found ourselves in a rather large entrance-hall, the floor of which was being polished to a wicked-looking glaciation by a white-coated janitor with a dangerous-looking machine. My guide assured me it was only a floor-polisher, but I was still a little nervous, for as I explained to him, I imagined it might be one of the machines which had been used on us at initiation.

A Little Known University Course

We went downstairs through a long corridor-like room and then up a flight of steep, dark stairs which brought us out into a large hall. It was, however, the peculiar antics of the occupants of this room which first attracted my attention. Some were waving their arms in a disjointed manner, some were standing on their heads, while some were proving the theory of evolution on ropes sus-

pended from the ceiling. There seemed to be some kind of a keeper in charge of the animals.

I glanced at my guide and tapped my head meaningfully. He burst out laughing, and when he had sufficiently recovered himself hastened to enlighten me. "This is the class in Men's Physical Education 1 and 2," he said. "It is a compulsory course, which has been introduced by the University authorities to take the students' minds off their troubles in lectures."

My guide motioned me to come on, went out the door, and started down the stairs. I had remained behind for a moment to feast my eyes upon the unusual spectacle, when I heard a loud succession of crashes, punctuated by a running fire of short expletives. I rushed to the door, which I reached in time to see my guide picking himself up at the bottom of the steep flight of stairs which we had recently ascended. He was unhurt, apparently, being as he explained to me, so used to falling down the gym stairs that it no longer troubled him in the least.

A Study in Interior Decoration

When my guide had re-assembled himself I asked him if I might be allowed to see "la vie intime" of Athabasca. "Mais oui," he replied in perfect correspondence school accent, and led me upstairs where he unconcernedly opened the door of a room and walked in. I was horrified at this action, but was reassured when told that this was quite the custom; the doors were never locked.

"Never locked?" I enquired.

"Oh, no," replied my conductor, helping himself to a cigarette and sitting down on the bed. "If the door were ever locked it would soon be pulled off by other fellows looking for cigarettes, a new pair of shoes, an extra hat, or something of that kind; we pride ourselves on being practical communists in Athabasca."

While my guide was smoking this cigarette I looked about the cell in which we found ourselves. The bed, which was on one side, carefully placed out of line of the door, together with a dresser and a table took up just about all the available floor space. Upon the dresser was a large and very conspicuous bottle of Brilliantine, probably the most-used article in the room. The small extent of wall-space was practically covered by four calendars advertising "Silver Spray," "New Edmonton," other soft drinks, and several nearly life-size pictures of such famous personages as Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge. I looked in vain for books, but on a small table was a stack of library cards, requesting the return of long overdue volumes, so I concluded that our friend, whoever he might be, kept his tomes in his locker and did his reading during lectures.

My guide had finished his cigarette. "Do you wonder," he asked as he led the way downstairs, "that the authorities find little difficulty in collecting ten dollars extra for the privilege of living somewhere outside of the residences?"

New Residential Sport

We came presently to a large place which I was told was the Athabasca dining room. It seemed a nice place, and I suggested that it must be a good spot for pleasant and improving conversation during meals.

My guide hastened to correct my mistaken impressions. "You see," he said, "it is rather difficult to overhear any conversation above the clang of steel on steel and the crash of falling plates, so the students devote themselves sternly to the task of eating. They now have this down to a fine art, and the great inter-

table competitions are indeed a great sight. Table X over here holds the W.C.I.A.U. record of 8 minutes 17 1/2 seconds for lunch, this being mainly due to the faultless passing of the team."

"It is an unfortunate thing," he continued, "that dances should be held here. It is a spot haunted by memories of what might have been—and wasn't."

Rather sad and disillusioned about this happy, carefree university life which I had read about in sundry well-known publications, I accompanied my conductor out the front door. "But," I asked as we cautiously descended the steps, "when do the residents ever study?"

"Most of them don't," replied my guide a bit gloomily. "But then," he added, brightening, "has it not been said by our most eminent visitors that the ideal thing is not to take one's University studies too seriously? So, you see, the resident students must attain to the acme of happiness, doubtless just as the University authorities intended."

"That building over there is Assiniboia Hall," he continued. "Since it is much the same as Athabasca we won't bother visiting it now."

We turned southwards and passed in front of a building marked "Pembina Hall." When I noticed that my guide was about to take me right past it, I called his attention to the fact that we had not yet visited the place. "I'll explain that later," he said. "Just come along with me to the Medical Building for the present."

The Pig's Eye

Have you signed the petition yet? I don't mean the one to have George Hoadley pardoned; I mean the Amusement Tax affair. The theatre people are doing their best to have it removed, and it's a jolly good idea, too. Heaven knows the poor theatre fan gets bilked enough as it is. In fact, I would be all for cutting show rates as well. Fifty and seventy-five cents is too much for a movie, even though they do throw in a little ham for good measure. I'll admit you can get seats in a good road show for half a dollar, but they're as near the footlights as Tex Rickard's ringside seats. You won't get Kleig eyes from gazing at the footlights, that's a cinch. And after all, the real enjoyment in a good musical comedy is in being able to give the imagination a rest.

Just to show you I'm not an old man, I'll admit that I never begrudge the price to see Clara Bow. There wasn't much plot to her latest picture, "Get Your Man," but there was a lot of Clara, and after all, one can't expect too much. What the picture was like before the censors got their scissors snipping, I don't know. Some day I'm going to make a pilgrimage to the film exchange and find out. I'm getting to be quite a little man now. I write most of my own column myself.

That man McIntyre is a wonder. He can bat around from night club to night club, wisecrack with the big-timers backstage, slip over to Paris every so often—and get paid for it. At least he gets paid for his article, and that's mostly what they concern. If I crashed the gate at a show I'd die from sheer surprise. But, of course, there are some radical differences between "Odd" McIntyre and myself. One is that McIntyre is a writer.

Incidentally, O. O. McIntyre never went to college. He admits that even now the rah-rahs leave him a little cold. But he did get a wonderful education as a reporter on some of the leading U.S. dailies. His life has been eventful and by no means a bed of roses. H. L. Mencken doesn't like him, so he must be good.

Where do they get this "College"

Eccentricities of Famous Authors

By G.S.

Recently an interesting article appeared in an American magazine dealing with the eccentricities of famous French writers. Who knows, perhaps their very fame has rested securely upon their idiosyncrasies.

The writer speaks as follows:

"La Fontaine composed most of his fables in the midst of talk and laughter." (Most modern writers are thorough autocrats, demanding perfect peace and quietness.) "The younger Dumas always liked to have a piano played while writing. Theophile Gautier preferred the clatter of cafe or print shop as accompaniment to the themes of his pen. Before undertaking to write, Cardinal Richelieu used to open the door of his study and let in all his cats. The sympathetic relation of cat to author has often been remarked."

This strikes one as rather unusual, that the accompaniment of noise, harmonious or otherwise, has often wooed the Muse to great authors.

Speaking of other unusual habits, this writer continues:

"Victor Hugo, by nature indolent and impatient of the mechanics of writing, used to trick himself into industry by removing his clothing and sending it out of the room by an attendant, who was instructed not to return with the garments until a stipulated hour. While living in the Isle of Guernsey he arose at five in the morning and spent the time until noon in a roof-top room overlooking the sea. When in the mood for verse he set himself a stint of about eighty

lines a day. He always stood when writing, and when he travelled carried about from place to place a tall desk."

"Voltaire found the Muse most on any one line. Several desks were placed when not pressed too long set up, and on each was a pile of paper. From one to another the great man went, inscribing, erasing, making notes, and little by little bringing to a finish manuscripts of a diversified nature."

"Alexander Dumas, the father, a very rapid writer, once obliged by setting down what he was pleased to call Rules of Writing. The first requisites—paper, pen and ink—being assembled, he called for 'a table neither too high nor too low. Reflect for half an hour, write your title, then first chapter. Arrange fifty letters to each line, thirty-five lines to each page; write two hundred pages, if you want a two-volume novel, four hundred, if you want one of four volumes, and so on. After ten, twenty or forty days, as the case may be, assuming you write twenty pages between morning and evening, the thing is done. What could be more simple?—But," he adds, "before any of this apparatus is put in motion I have often thought for six months, a year, perhaps several years, about what I am going to write. Hence the clearness of my plot, the simplicity of my methods.—As a rule I do not begin a book until it is finished."

Truly, this man's simple conceit must have been the secret of his success! His rules are so simple for a modern writer—unable to collect his thoughts upon any subject!

The writer of the article continues:

"Dumas drank copiously of lemonade when the fever to create was upon him. Alfred de Musset's stimulant was absinthe. In the daytime he would close all the shutters and light candles to give a semblance of night."

"Balzac accomplished best results by observing a routine that called for an early dinner and sleep until midnight. At twelve he got up, put on a white Dominican robe, set a bowl of black coffee on the table, and thus reinforced, made ready to continue his literary task for an uninterrupted period of twelve hours. Then breakfast, and a grand clearing up of papers to be sent to the printer."

"Diderot found it helpful to call in his friends and speak out loud his chapters on philosophy before writing them. The incomparable Moliere, after making a first draft of his plays, used to try out his manuscript on his housekeeper. Her interest—or lack of it—was his gauge as to the effectiveness of lines and situations."

Discovering another interesting article on this same subject entitled "Secrets of Great Authors Revealed," it is startling to find other peculiarities of famous writers.

This writer, speaking of the great Morgan collection of original manuscripts, says: "For autograph manuscripts of this kind are the 'open sesame' which admits of the inner shrine of authorship." One does not realize the potency of the great science of Graphology.

This writer says:

"We are able, as it were, to peer into the poet's den and overlook the novelist's desk. We hear the scratch of the worn quill on paper that was at once costly, durable and rough; and the still air is rasped by the scrape of an occasional erasure. Sterne and Locke knew nothing of steel nibs and blotters. But somehow the simple tools served the purpose of genius."

This writer continues to speak of the sort of manuscript various authors turned out. He says:

"Some of the best writers produce what printers consider to be the worst copy."

He compares, for instance, the manuscript of Scott's "Ivanhoe," the Dickens's "The Christmas Carol," and discovers that Scott's page is far cleaner of corrections. "Scott was a model of continuous efficiency." "But to Dickens the story was not more important than the way it was told. Over a phrase, therefore, he took as much pains as over a plot. Where Scott was content with lucidity and grammar, and allowed eloquence to come, if at all, of itself, Dickens was only content with the style."

Of Pope's manuscript, he says: "It is the most cruelly defaced by interlineation and deletion." Of Kingsley, "He skirmished over parentheses."

Charlotte Bronte reduced her writing so that her letters are food for the microscope. Macaulay

"scrawled like a rake," if there is anything to calligraphy. Edmund Burke's manuscript looked as if it had been "dashed off by a drug addict," as Coleridge was, writing his "Kubla Khan" under the influence of opium."

These are but a few examples of the eccentricities displayed in the handwriting of various writers, all of whom like the use of the typewriter in the composition of their work.

"This question has been recently raised by the venerable Gallic poet, Jean Richepin. This member of the French Academy claims the typewriter has already left its influence on literature, and he says of it:

"Poetry written on a typewriter is apt to become hackneyed, stilted, machine-like. The fingers are slaves of habit, and soon make their choice of phrases, with the result that originality is menaced."

Five American authors have given their opinions. Here are several.

Hamlin Garland says:

"In all my work which can be called creative, I use a pen or pencil. I do not trust the machine. In critical articles, in certain descriptive passages, I am able to use the keys, but in all passages where I want the subconscious to help me, I take my pen. There is an autohypnotic effect in the pen. I do my best work with very black ink."

This author is temperamental at least.

James Branch Cabell says:

"Any valid or at all considerable literary style is, to my finding, a result of rewriting. Whether the first draft is typed or handwritten appears wholly immaterial."

Fanny Hurst says:

"The habit of pad and pencil dies hard. The typewriter is not a godly object. But neither is a steel mill nor a loom nor a cotton gin. Yet all of them are productive of beauty."

Another writer upholding the typewriter says:

"It is to the author what the piano is to the composer."

Alfred Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade" upon the typewriter. He couldn't have written it in any other way. Alfred Noyes wrote "Go Down to Kew in Lilac Time," on the typewriter. George Horace Lorimer says that every author should write at white heat. How can any author write at white heat with a pen or pencil? It's the typewriter that says to you, "Let's go!"

In concluding, authors show a disappointing conventionalism in their choice of amusement contrasted with the individuality of their work.

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle golfs, cycles and plays billiards. Havelock Ellis enjoys travel chiefly. Robert Hichens drives, golfs, rides, and plays tennis. Sinclair Lewis motors, walks and travels. Rafael Sabatini fishes, etc. Stephen Leacock finds the same and sober frivolity of gardening and carpentering a rest from being funny. Bernard Shaw gives his recreation as 'anything except sport.' A Brazilian poet, named Beatty, fills his idle hours with boxing, and a Japanese poet fills his with walking."

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Tickets - 75c., 50c. and 25c.

On Sale at Mike's News-stand and University Book Store

stuff anyway? I've seen innumerable movies, read College stuff in magazines, and even Percy Marks' "Plastic Age," and I'm hanged if I ever ran across a losing team or a homely woman in any of them. Our teams get beaten—

EXTENSION DATA

Interesting statistical information is now available covering the activities of the Extension Department from January 1, 1927, to December 31, 1927.

Regarding lantern slides, 1,763 sets were sent out. From reports received, these were shown 1,993 times to audiences aggregating 229,392 people. In the corresponding period of the previous year, 1,667 sets were sent out, showing an increase for 1927 of 96 sets.

Moving picture films—556 sets were sent out. These were shown 697 times to audiences aggregating 116,767 people. In the same period in the previous year 488 sets were sent out, showing an increase for 1927 of 68 sets.

Lanterns loaned—During the period covered by this report, 202 electric, battery and acetylene lantern outfits were loaned for occasional lectures.

Ohio State University should have a definite course in which young men and women should learn about the institution of marriage, declared Rabbi Lee J. Levinger, in speaking on Judge Ben Lindsey's book, "Companionate Marriage."

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SPORTS



Varsity Loses to Elks In Last Game of Season

Score 5-3 Not Altogether Indicative of Play—Pal Power and Pat Morris Are Again the Varsity Stars

The last league game of the season played on Monday, February 13th, was certainly a combat de luxe seen by some 400 hockey fans. The score, 5-3 in favor of the Elks, was not an exact indication of the play. Although the Varsity boys were handicapped by the absence of Cooper, the speedy forward, nevertheless they had the best of things in the second and third periods. Heavy body-checking around the Elks goal impeded many fair trials.

Power and Morris Again Star
The feature of the game was the "Morris-Power" combination. Both Pat and Pal were in the limelight. They scanned every corner of the ice, back-checking, stick-handling and skating very effectively. Pal's speedy rushes worked in wonderfully with the snappy work of the forwards, and as a result Pal, the hero of the evening, netted three goals for Varsity.

Great credit is due to Morris and Powers. Four years ago they joined the senior ranks in hockey, and ever since they have been serving the green and gold faithfully. Monday's game happens to be the last league game that they play for Varsity. Their work has always been outstanding, and is appreciated by all. When they graduate next spring, Varsity will lose two of its most prominent athletes.

Elks Started Fast
The game was started out with a

series of rushes by the Elks. McLennan netted the first one on a solo rush within the first minute. Morris and Powers made a good play, breaking through the Elks' defence and Powers scored on a pass from Morris. The Elks were forcing the Varsity goal. Burnett received a pass from Esdale and scored. Elks recuperated again when Esdale, scored the third goal. D.P. made a few great saves. Levell played a heady game, and he and Knight worked like trojans. The period ended with Varsity at the Elks' defence line.

Varsity Has the Edge
No time was wasted in the second period. Within thirty seconds, Powers made a sensational corkscrew rush and scored unassisted. Gardiner made successive rushes, but Howey was hard to beat. The Runge brothers exchanged buns in front of the Varsity goal. The puck was faced off, and Marker scored. Powers and Morris worked their way up to the Elks' goal. Pal beat Howey for the third time that evening.

At the close of the period, Varsity passed up a few opportunities, but worked hard and had the Elks outskated. This burst of speed was kept up during the last part of the fracas. Morris and Powers took long shots. Melnyk and Bill Runge worked up to the goal, but Gardiner intercepted the pass. Play centered around the Elks' goal. Burnett broke loose, and with thirty seconds to go passed to McLennan, who scored, making the count 5-3 for the Elks.

The lineups:
Elks—Goal, Howey; defence, Melnyk, Esdale; forwards, Ferris, Marker, Hills, McLennan, Burnett, B. Runge.

Varsity—Goal, McDonald; defence, Prittle, Gardiner; forwards, Morris, Powers, Levell, G. Runge, Knight, Groves.

Referee: Stan Stevens.

Scoring
First period—1, Elks, McLennan, 1:00; 2, Varsity, Powers from Morris, 5:30; 3, Elks, Burnett from Esdale, 9:50; 4, Elks, Esdale, 3:40.

Second period—5, Varsity, Powers, 3:0; 6, Elks, Marker, 13:20; 7, Varsity, Powers, 2:20.

Third period—8, Elks, McLennan from Burnett, 19:30.

Penalties—Bill Runge (2).

SWIMMING MEET POSTPONED

On account of the presence of the junior tests and nearness of the senior ones, the inter-year swimming meet has been postponed until Feb. 22nd. A good turn-out and keen sport is then expected.

MARCH 14 DATE FOR BOXING MEET

Boxing Club Labours Under Handicaps—Not a Satisfactory Entrance List

Several times the question has been asked: "When is the Boxing and Wrestling Tournament?" A date, March 14, has been set for the tournament. This is considerably later than the tournament has been held in past years, but because so few have been training it was thought that the lateness of the date might induce some to turn out in preparation for the tournament.

The Boxing Club seems to be laboring under many difficulties this year. Appeals made now and again more or less persistently, have been of no avail. Even at this time of year there have been far too few who have attempted to box. Those who have been out have become discouraged at the lack of support given the club, and have not returned after the first couple of visits.

The facilities of the club are at the disposal of any who wish to use them. It would be difficult to say what days are regular meeting days, since there has been no one out for the meetings. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays are the most satisfactory days, since C.O.T.C. interferes with things on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Surely no one who is really interested in boxing or wrestling needs any special day for practice.

Despite the fact that a date has been chosen for a tournament unless there is a satisfactory entry list there can be no tournament. There are about seven classes that are usually entered in boxing here, and about four classes of wrestling. To make a decent evening this means that there should be at least two bouts in each event. All of which means that anywhere from twenty to thirty fellows must be entered in the events. Are we going to have that many this year? If we can't get this many out there is little use holding a tournament. If all those who have asked about a tournament were to turn out, there would be plenty of material and a tournament would be an assured thing.

It would be a sorry state of affairs if no boxing tournament were held this year. The only way in which such a tournament is possible is by receiving support. By turning out and training, or otherwise signifying your intention of entering, things will be greatly assisted.

STAR MERICAN



IAN MACDONALD

Ian S. Macdonald is Alberta's human fish, and the outstanding swimmer. Ian is somewhat of an amphibian, for not only has he been individual swimming champion for the last two years, but this year he is President of the Swimming Club. He is expected to uphold his end well in the coming aquatic meets. He has spent much time in arranging for these meets, and it is largely due to his efforts that we have the beginnings of inter-university swimming competitions.

BASKETBALL PILOT



"HEC" MACLEAN

Here's the man that pulls the business strings for senior hoop team. And this year the strings are many, what with the Provincial League and the Intercollegiate series. So far, "Hec's" boys are not disappointing him, and have drawn even with the Y.M.C.A. lads in four very gruelling games. When this business manager sees a good crowd in the gallery, his face wears a particularly broad grin—for he is now trying hard to raise the quota necessary to send the team to Manitoba. Let's help him, fans—there are several exciting home games coming up!

BIG SWIMMING MEET NEXT WEDNESDAY

Inter-Varsity Meet for March 3—
U. of S. Sending Strong Team
For Competition

Next Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock an expectant audience will see this year's swimmers splash into action at the Y.W.C.A. pool. In other words, the annual Inter-year Swimming Meet will be held on that evening. The years are well matched, with the freshmen showing a slight predominance on paper, but in the water it may be different.

Many Events on Card

The events to be contested are as follows:—For men: 50 yd., 100 yd., and 220 yd. free style; 50 yd. back stroke, and 50 yd. breast stroke. There will also be competitions in fancy diving and plunging for distance.

For ladies: 50 yd. and 100 yd. free style, and 50 yd. breast stroke. Fancy diving and a plunge for distance are also a part of the ladies' programme.

Four men's relay teams will finish off the evening's exhibition.

Inter-Varsity Meet Soon

These events are the same as will be contested in the Inter-Varsity Meet. Arrangements are now complete, and this meet will be held on Saturday, March 3rd, at the Y. W. C. A. pool. The U. of S. is bringing along some strong competitors, both men and women, but it confidently expected that Alberta will be able to hold her own.

Don't forget, then—Wednesday, February 22nd, and Saturday, March 3rd.

SPORTING SLANTS

It was a good hockey game on Monday night, and some hard work was done by the Varsity team. But it looked as if only about half the team were really trying hard to win. The Elks needed the win to tie the Superiors, and it did not make much difference to Varsity. Some of the Green and Gold players worked their heads off—but not all of them, and we lost again.

We take off our hat to Pal Power. Three goals in one evening, that's not bad in any hockey game. We mustn't forget Pat Morris, who paired so admirably with Pal. And these two will be graduating from the hockey team.

Saskatchewan is going to erect a covered rink similar to Varsity's. Here's hoping that the students of that institution show more interest in what goes on in a structure for which they are paying their own money.

It certainly handicapped the Seniors last game with Husband and Seibert on the sick list and Greenlee off the lineup. We expect to see a victory next Wednesday, though.

To judge from the way those teams fought, there's something more at stake than just a victory. Good enough—but it rather encourages rough play to the sacrifice of good basketball at times.

Will there be a boxing and wrestling tournament this year? Not to judge from the number of those training—it's up to you, potential candidates—let's see a little kinetic energy.

About time that we saw the Senior basketball girls play against a really good team on our own floor—how about it, girls?

Varsity Basketball Lose Two Games to Y

Seniors Lose by Score of 47-30—Shandro Led Scorers—Obce Starred on Defence—Intermediates Lose 34-24 In Hard Game

The senior basketball team dropped a hard game to the Y boys in the upper gym last Saturday. The brand of ball was first-class, and was highly appreciated by the large crowd that turned out for the event. The game was well handled by Morrison and Bill Douglas.

First Period

The game started out fast with the Y gang playing a short pass game. The checking was close and neither team was able to score. Obce opened the scoring when he sank a free throw and Hickingbotham with a convert when Miller fouled him. Shandro then put the Green and Gold in the lead with a neat shot from the boards. The referees were checking up close, and both teams were penalized on numerous occasions. Obce drew three personals and was warned. Hanningcho replaced Bryn about halfway through, and sank two nice counters. Play was very fast towards the end of the half. Obce and Shandro were playing strong games. Varsity had the advantage all through this period, and were leading the invaders 16-15 when the whistle blew for half-time.

Lo and Behold!

Varsity went all to pieces in the second, and the boys in red simply swamped the home basket. The Y boys came to life and ran the local boys ragged. The boys did not seem to be able to work together, and the Y gang took advantage of the confusion in the ranks, and soon ran up a commanding lead. Obce was disqualified, and the team was greatly weakened. The town boys dished up a swell brand of ball in this half, and their short passing and effective shots were a treat for sore eyes. Varsity rallied for a few minutes, but could not hold the pace and had to

taste defeat. The final score was 47-30 for the Y.

The game was a tough one to lose and a good one to win. Varsity outplayed their opponents in the first

(Continued on Page Six)

CO-EDS TO PLAY MANITOBA ON 25TH

May Play Final Game With Monarchs Early in the Week

Keep the night of the 25th open. From all reports there will be a hard-fought game when the Co-ed Varsity sextette clashes with the Manitoba ladies' hockey team on that date. This is the game of the season, and will be well worth seeing. Turn out, Varsity, and help the girls put their ancient rivals, Manitoba, down to defeat!

It is more than likely that the Varsity girls will meet the Monarchs in the last game of the series early in the week. The strong opposition that they will come up against from the Monarchs will help to put them in better shape to meet Manitoba. The girls are working hard, and are out to win.

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WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By Georges

What do you think? Raising the question of companionate marriage again four weeks after the Solons of this institution have passed judgment on it is as bad as the Scotchman who fails to see the point of a joke till several weeks later.

Companionate marriage! What is it but merely another outburst of American emotionalism, just another of their fads. But what of marriage, anyway, in a country where one may believe anything, and do anything without reproach, so long as it is new? If the country has come to the regrettable stage where old forms of matrimonial procedure are not good enough—why have any ceremony at all—why waste the time on a trial marriage? Moral obligations mean little in the United States. No one seems to have sufficient conscience to bother about consequences.

I have noticed that there has been surprisingly little enthusiasm and very little said about this in the better American papers like the New York Times. I imagine thinking Americans consider the whole thing for what it is worth—very little. I believe it is nothing more or less than another sensational publicity stunt on the part of the Denver Judge who wanted a little notoriety and to publish a book on the subject. I can only say that I think the worthy Denver Judge has lived much too close to Reno to have a clear perspective, and that he has started rather an unhealthy germ in the minds of a lot of impressionistic puppy-love sick American youngsters of sixteen and seventeen, who don't know their own minds and merely think they do.

We all know that history has a way of repeating itself—matrimonial experiments have been made by various peoples in heaps of lands and times, in Sweden, in France, even

among the Quakers. And I merely think that the minds of the masses in the United States (not the sane thinkers), but the class of people who crowd to see a murderer and read The Chicago Tribune, are merely seeking something new to satisfy their thrill-mad, sensation-crazed nature by raking over the human emotions, reactions and relations in the hope of finding something new in a system as old as Adam.

The simple faith of the pioneer fathers and mothers which has given us the ability to think for ourselves and form our own conclusions, was sufficiently strong to bind them together "for better or for worse," closely enough to withstand the bitterest hardships of Nature and isolation, and they came through without any "Companionable Marriages" and with a clear vision, a deeper affection, finer fidelity and stronger constitutions both moral and physical than the modern American youth, boy or girl, possesses. These pioneers had sufficient hard work to use up their surplus energy, in cutting wood, spinning, baking, carrying grain to market on their backs. The average youth in the big city has a car to save him from walking, movies to see by way of exercise, and bootleg gin to create the same thrill his great grandfather used to get out of a

The Synthetic Flapper

By N.

The first instinct of woman has been always to add to whatever beauty she has by the use of scents, jewels and pretty clothes. In olden times these were the adornments of the languorous beauties of the East in the harems. The scents, however, were extracted from sweet-smelling flowers, pretty cloths of pure silk were dyed with natural colours, and their jewels were precious stones.

Today this feminine instinct is much more greatly evident. For this reason it would be impossible to supply all our girls and women (or should they all be included in girls?) with the required charms if natural sources were relied upon. The result is the synthetic flapper, with the chemist as fairy god-father.

Scents are products of the tar barrel; it may seem paradoxical to say that the delicate aroma of the violet is obtainable from the far from delicate refuse of a coal-gas works.

Precious stones are rivalled by the glass substitutes colored by means of chemical compounds. Here we might page Woolworths.

Woman's beautiful complexion is the result of face creams, products of petroleum refining. Her ruby lips and pink cheeks are due to red oxide of lead; the dark, delicately pencilled eyebrows are the results of using lampblack or sienna as manufactured in the laboratory.

Her clothes are no less artificial. Wools are obtained by treating grass and wood fibre with various compounds. Cellulose treated with nitric oxide forms the basis of the beautiful silk dresses seen at the Undergrad or Freshman Reception, to mention a few examples. Dainty shoes result from paper pulp colored with artificial dyes and stamped to resemble animal skins.

There you have the "low down" on the case. Very disillusioning. We have often wondered if ninety per cent. of these "synthetic" flappers ever use honest to goodness soap and water after the application of so-called "aids to beauty" or whether one coating is meant to last a lifetime. Many high-water marks on many necks are, we think, concealed by such a coating. A little camouflage may be necessary, but it is a dead-sure thing—that many girls would be lovelier without the amount used at present—and we are NOT old fashioned, so there!

wooden bucket. Those old timers were too tired after an honest day's work to wonder about psycho-analysis, suppressed emotions, and had not heard of Freud and his theories. They lived honest, worth-while lives and knew a God.

A back-to-the-woods movement with a real marriage attached with a 10-year trial to it, might work wonders for some of these idiotic youngsters crying for the moon and not knowing what they want. If some of them had a little more to do, and had to use their hands to think out ways and means of existence as their ancestors did, they would find they had less time for morbid introspection.

It strikes me, if there was a little more thought used before marriage, a little more age required, a little more genuine parental guidance, self-control exercised and individual character developed, and a little more respect for fine old ideals, there would be no need for companionate marriage and there would not be so many divorces. Too quick marriage, undeliberated action of any sort, without reason usually ends in either a murder or a permanent separation.

I have seen the pictures of the two participants in this trial marriage and the Judge under whose guiding and analytical eye this human experiment is being carried out; and from studying the boy and girl, I should proclaim the girl the leader in the situation (do you hear the Wauneta war-cry?), in polite parlance, a typical baby vamp. I feel sorry for the boy; he looks rather immature, without a great deal of personality evidenced in his face. Both are pitifully young. If this peculiar situation works out—well, Heaven help the rest of America's youth! They have few fundamentals to hold to as it is without charging the marriage for excitement. If arrangements can be made to agree or disagree on "thirty days free trial," there does not seem much to it, if one can grow weary of a serious agreement in that time. Usually business arrangements are made for a longer period of time to give them a fair trial. It certainly does not agree with our old idea of things.

The American nation (and many of their own thinkers feel the same) without a doubt, is due for a fall after a too fast ride. I am certainly not a calamity howler, but a people without more secure roots of traditions and ideals cannot reach great heights of understanding in the things of permanent value.

A woman writer of note writes: "Do not expect to find a market for well written, clean fiction or articles in America for at least two years. The publications have over-bought at ridiculously high prices, sex stories, jazzy yarns, sensationals, articles that they are overstocked to such an extent that the American public will have to suffer from it until it is a reaction." Modern fiction is an expression of the times, of which one phase is our "companionate marriage." These writers think they are writing something smart, unusual and new, whereas they only speak in a blatant vulgar way of the conditions as old as time—known by everyone to exist, even by those with sufficient sense of refinement and love of the beautiful to try for the sake of their ideals to hide the grossness of realities that we all know exist.

"The Sheeted Dead Did Squeak and Giber"

All authorities agree that ghosts expect to be treated with great respect, and that they are apt to be peevish if treated otherwise. Oscar Wilde tells a yarn of an American family who purchased an old English castle, with ghost complete. The Yankee children had no idea of the reverence due to a ghost, and instead of being decently frightened at the clanking and rasping of his rusty shackles, would run out into the dark corridor where he was walking, and offer him a patent lubricant where-with to render them less noisy; and they insisted on removing his indelible blood-stain from the floor of the great hall with a patent stain remover. The ghost finally became so exasperated that he quite the promise in disgust.

The phantom that visited the law library a week or so ago had a similar experience. It seems to have laboured under the delusion that its appearance would inspire the regular occupants with awe. The actual result was naturally disappointing. But, as the phantom says, a university is a place where we exchange illusions for ideas, and it is gratifying to note that, after years of patient effort, the phantom has succeeded in effecting one such exchange. If the law students in any way contributed towards this happy result, they may feel that they have not lived in vain.

From the Conan Doyle point of view the behaviour of this particular shade was remarkable. After burying itself in a statute, it suddenly emerged from this improvised tomb to shriek "SHUT UP" at a girl of the first year law class. Such outbursts are perhaps to be expected from Pembina protectors, yet this was conduct unbecoming of a phantom, and the infernal body. It was infernal detrimental to the best interests of impudence, in fact. Though still in the flesh, the girl thus addressed had spirit enough to retort appropriately; hence the ghostly indignation. Oddly enough, the phantom seems to have completely forgotten the incident, and no mention of it appeared in the message from the dead.

"It needs no ghost" to tell us that men wear shirts and that they occasionally talk, and if these things are illuminating to the phantom, its need of illumination must be great indeed. On one point we can supply a little light. The phantom is apparently a sticker for form and precedent, so it may not be amiss to remind it that the traditional and supposedly universal resort of ghosts during the daylight hours is not the law library.

ON VALENTINES

By K.

Christmas comes but once a year,
But we are often told
To live each day with equal merit.

St. Valentines comes once a year
But yet we would be bold
To live each day in that same spirit.

(Old Play)

As I have mentioned before, my friend Charley has a great fondness for a certain resident of Pembina. I had, however, no appreciation of how seriously he was affected until I entered his room a few days ago before the 14th, and discovered him pacing thoughtfully up and down the room, one hand stretched across his chest, the other pressing a pencil stub against his lips.

Around him, on bed, chair, table, and floor, lay numerous scribbled sheets of paper. A large Webster lay open on the bed; and a Palgrave was propped up against an ink-bottle, so held by a ruler as to gape open at a page of Waller's amorous poems.

"O Campus Poet, can you tell me who has a rhyming dictionary of which I can make a loan," he asked, his language apparently harmonizing itself to his recent thoughts. Much surprised, I look at him open-mouthed until I noticed a brilliant scarlet piece of paper shaped to represent a heart peeping out from under a pile of loose papers. The cause of his strange appearance and manner of address at once flashed upon me, and I replied that I could not.

"Speak then, and let me know if all the countless years that lie forer behind thee bring't' thy mind a word, a single word, of glorious richness, high portent, and simple majesty to rime in echoing harmony with 'e'er cemented'."

Not very well pleased with some of the insults delivered in his absent-minded declamation, I replied: "Sure; try 'demented.' What is it? Something like this:

I'm in walls fore'er cemented,
For I'm demented, I'm demented?"
Charley gave me a withering look and refused to speak for some time. In a few moments, however, his wrath had disappeared and, touching

me gently on the shoulder as I stood looking out of the window, he asked: "Which of these is the better, old bean?"

I took the two pieces of paper he handed me and with some difficulty read these much erased and rewritten lines:

I would I were a poet;
I would a poet be,
That you—might know it,
How truly my heart yearns for thee.

Will you not entwine
Your heart with mine,
And be my Valentine?

Thinking to be funny, I replied that much might be said on both sides. But without any notice of the perfectly valid literary allusion, he took me to my word and anxiously asked me to be explicit.

"Well," I extemporized, "in writing Valentines there are many things to observe. Much depends, as I am sure you know, upon whom you are sending them to, if you mean to send them, and upon the degree of your familiarity with that person. Moreover while as a simple lyric a Valentine must be short, natural, and self-contained, it must also express your personality.

"Of some of the points I have mentioned I dare say no more for fear of becoming personal. But as I consider that you will be content with nothing short of perfect, I will take the liberty to point out one fault in each of these which will at once relegate them both to the waste-paper basket. The first, you see, does not properly adhere to the rules of modern grammar; and even though you may be as great a poet as you there express a wish to be, the world does not yet know it, and therefore cannot excuse such a license. The second is better all around; but it, nevertheless, is a little too simple for a Varsity student to show to the world."

"Then," said he, "what you advise is something at once grammatical and intelligible, at once simple and complicated, easy and rhetorical, natural and full of classical references."

"Exactly," said George, entering at that moment, "exactly, and moreover, at once sad and happy, sweet and sour, sentimental and—What is it anyway?"

A well-aimed pillow, however, soon brought an end to that inter-

ruption, and we were no more disturbed but by an occasional burst of laughter issuing from his room.

But we had got some good ideas out of his laws as well as our own, and set energetically to work writing a model Valentine. The task was not easy: two long hours had passed before eventually we had produced the following:

Valentine comes straight from
"valeo,"

But this one, friend, to thee,
Comes straight and true, from
me,

O much beloved Molly-Oh!

I thought that perfect. It showed a knowledge of a classical language. It had exactly the right shade of sentimentality. It dripped with simplicity, and yet was well connected. Poetic language and fervour were one of its main characteristics. It left no doubt of the sender's meaning. It was highly sincere. It was well-balanced. It contained the word "Valentine." It was therefore perfect.

Charley, however, disliked "the reference to that cheap, tasteless American chocolate bar." Nothing I could say either heightened his opinion of the bar or made him think that it need not be considered a reference to it. Indeed I had thought it the happiest touch of all not to mention the lady's real name; and I brought many instances of such a practice of substituting another from Dryden and Pope, who seem to have been very fond of that sort of thing.

At last, however, he suggested a satisfactory solution himself: "She doesn't take Latin, old prune, you know; and I don't think she would ever show it to any one else. Therefore I can change that a little and she will never know it's wrong. My conscience will be no impediment, as I've often heard of a thing called 'poetic license,' which, it seems to me, applies perfectly here."

So on the 14th of February Miss Walpole broke the seal of a dainty envelope, took out an exquisitely wrought little card and read thereon: Valentine comes straight from Valent-

ina,
But this, one friend, to thee,
Comes straight and true from me,
O much beloved Robertina!

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POPULAR PERSIFLAGE

By Happy Pagan

(Pardon me if I start this episode abruptly; I'm so busy playing "pretend" that I feel I must get you in on the game too.) But what a great place this is in which to play "pretend."

Watch one of your feminine co-educationalists in the Arts rotunda or in the Tuck Shop; she may be a plaster-cast lady or a dare-devil mix, or a cold, superior goddess, but she is rarely just a girl, just a human being. She must be pensive or vivacious, cold and exclusive, or sisterly and sang-froidish. She either looks through and beyond you or she flashes you a dazzling smile. And you know, and she knows that you know, that it's all pretend. The great old game of Hokum and Bunk!

We go now to Convocation in a paroxysm of emotional sentiment, and the Valedictorian speaks off a hackneyed oration about class '45's glories and how they are going out into the cold, hard world, and how he knows they will work for humanity and Canada, and a lot more airy persiflage that he knows—I think—is all Hokum and Bunk, and that everyone else knows too. But we like it, the play's the thing!

Next: we hang our heads on Armistice Day and mum at each other about the sacred dead, and if a returned man with some of the rum in him that won the war were to get up and cry, disgustedly, "Hokum and Bunk," we'd be terribly shocked, shamed and disgruntled. Oh, horribly! But when we get back to residence and convened in a session," we'd all agree it was just that, only that—all—Hokum and Bunk.

When the Christmas banquet comes around the lady across the table chews her food as if the world were watching her. You know the way—a kind of unnatural confined movement of the jaws. If she drops her handkerchief four men and a moron crash their heads together in picking it up. The gentlemen must exhibit their courtesy, and anyway it's too great a labor for the lady to pick up her own handkerchief—she is so delicate, so fragile, so ethereal!

We wish to dance with Miss Vincetta Georgetta Viola De La Jones-Browne, and she wants to dance with us. We "meet" her. She is "charmed, delighted, I assure you." "Isn't the music simply heavenly? Isn't the floor delicious?" We agree with everything in a perfect phantasmagoria of acquiescence, scrape and bow as if we were gentlemen when we leave her—and go across the floor and tell our friends she's so dumb she thinks a violin is a roadhouse. She tells her friends we're a fool. Hokum and Bunk!

It's the morons who are the cause of all this. (You and all your family and I and all my family are not morons.) The morons have so little that they must pretend they have a great deal. If you and I don't pretend also the morons will naturally conclude that we are pretending just the same and have a corresponding paucity of real worth underneath. The morons rule the world.

But the funny thing about it all is that you and I and the morons are always trying to break away from all this Hokum and Bunk. We hope to make much money, so we can put it—and do exactly what we like; so that we can walk into the Ritz-Bally-Carlton and tell the immaculate and obsequious manager to "make it snappy!" if we feel in that particular mood. And we want friends. We want close friends, the kind we can talk to without pretending, the kind who comes around to the house and takes his collar off and asks if dinner is ready. We are

overjoyed when we go to a swell party and we meet a stranger who takes us off to a corner and says, "Isn't this party the greatest Hokum and Bunk you ever saw in your life? These people are afraid to be natural. Would you be offended—really—if I were to offer you a small snifter of Sandy MacDonald's Guaranteed Gold Label Twenty Year Old Highland Dew?" Say!—and there are men like that in this world—Get away, Hokum and Bunk, get away!

An Eminent Neurologist

Dr. Wilfrid Penfield, one of the most eminent brain surgeons on the continent, has been appointed to occupy the chair of clinical professor of neurological surgery at McGill—McGill Daily.

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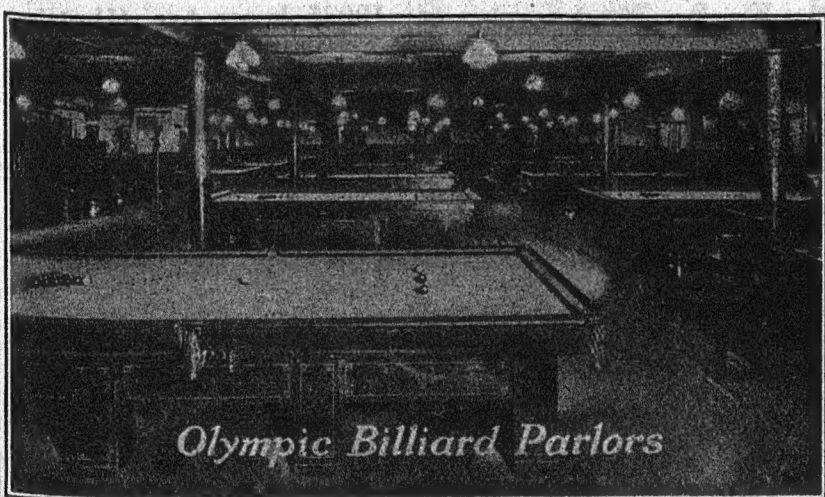
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CHEM SOCIETY SEES MOVING PICTURE

Department of Extension Lends Society Film on Petroleum

A large number of members attended the meeting of the Chemical Society yesterday afternoon, when a motion picture, "The Story of Petroleum," was shown.

The film, which was furnished by the University Department of Extension, depicted briefly the various stages in the preparation of petroleum products for the market.

First were shown the processes of drilling the well and of "shooting" it, to start the oil flow. The petroleum was stored temporarily in field tanks, until a pipe-line to the refinery could be constructed; with a large gang of workmen such a line can be laid at the rate of a mile per day.

Views of various parts of the refinery indicated the processes to which the petroleum was subjected in refining. The separation into various fractions was shown diagrammatically, to indicate what occurred in the "stills." The giant "agitators" in which the gasoline fraction was washed free from impurities, were also shown.

The picture ended with a diagram of the uses to which the refined products could be put.

MED BANQUET

The Medical students are planning a big banquet at the MacDonald Hotel on February 21st, in honor of the graduating class. The chief speaker of the evening will be Dr. H. Merritt, of Calgary, who will be followed by some of the local members of the profession.

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THE UNIVERSITY STUDIO

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

By Fumoso

The day is long enough past now for me to write about it. Had I written about it a week ago the whole of Scotland, and that greater population of Scotsmen resident in Canada would have been down on me. But now it can be told, although it is rather out-of-date.

It had been a hard day. Since seven o'clock in the morning I had been working at a killing pace, scalping the morning papers, writing obituaries, visiting the morgue, the women's court and the hotels, interviewing a society belle on styles and a panhandler on his experiences in the bread-line, escorting a frowsy English nobleman around the city and getting a sob-story from a Polack who had strangled and poisoned his children. . . . All in the day's work, but rather annoying.

Evening came at last. The newsroom was deserted but for a few miscellaneous reporters sprawled on chairs, too tired to care about going home, and almost too fed-up to care about staying. The telephone had been ringing insistently for some minutes; but on no answer. It would mean another assignment, perhaps, and one that might keep a luckless reporter out until the wee small hours. We all thought that the Old Man had left the office, but we were mistaken. His deep bass voice rolled out from within the sanctum sanctorum:

"Would some noble son of heaven out there be so generous as to condescend to answer that thrice blessed and altogether angelic telephone?" Or words to that effect.

We all loved the Old Man, so we made haste to fulfil his humble request. Unfortunately the others were slower than I was, and the duty fell on me. A rich female voice flowed over the wire, and the following conversation took place:

"Is that the Daily Dishwasher? . . . Well, this is Mrs. MacGregor. . . . aye, Mrs. MacGregor-r-r. I'll be having a lot of the boys from the factory over to the house the night, and I would like that you send a reproo-r-r-ter to put all their names in the paper. . . ."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. MacGregor, but all our reporters will be engaged."

"Oh aye! But ye dinna ken wha' I'm asking of ye! We're going to celebrate Robbie Burns Night!"

"Oh—that's different! Er—how—that is, in what way do you intend to celebrate?"

"How, I'll be asking you, wud any guid Scotsman celebrate Robbie Bur-r-rs Night? Ye'd better come along yersel' and drink his health."

So, being a great admirer of Burns, and wishing to take every opportunity of showing my respect for him and his works, I consented to going, much as I was tired, and—Oh, well . . .

It was a long way out to the home of Mrs. MacGregor—through the warehouse district, then far along the lake-front until one came to the slough of factories by the river. Going down a narrow, badly lighted street I at last found the right address, on a very small but very cosy looking bungalow. Sounds of revelry came from within. I knocked, and the door opened at once. Mrs. MacGregor stood there, fully six feet tall, and almost as broad, gorgeously large, with folds of flesh billowing around every seam of her tight-fitting house-dress. Her face was the essence of joy—like a somewhat bloated and ruddy full moon.

She seized me by the hand. "So, ye've come, have ye! Come on into the house! Tak' off yur-r-r coat, an' come in to meet the lads!"

While I was disrobing she called her husband into the little bedroom, and introduced him as MacGregor. Poor MacGregor! He was as small as his wife was large—a poor, little runt of a chap with suppressed desires and a hunted look. They both took me into the parlor to meet the guests, a jolly lot of fellows, with the exception, perhaps, of the bag-pipe player.

While Mrs. MacGregor went to the kitchen to attend to whatever was smelling so nice, wee MacGregor introduced me to the guests. Oh, no! I had already met the guests, hadn't I? Well, perhaps he introduced me again—I don't know. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the buffet was tastefully decorated with glasses, bottles and what-not.

At any rate, we had a lovely time,

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talking about the glories of Scotland, the excellence of Orangeton and the misery of Knights of Columbus, the perfection of the Tories and the rankness of the Whigs. The reader can almost guess what city all this took place in. While we were thus engaged Mrs. MacGregor passed through the small room and out into the hallway. Even through the closed door her voice rose like static above the din of the parlor. A few moments passed and she came back, and walked over toward me. Leaning over my shoulder she whispered: "Ye're wanted on the telephone!"

Who could know that I was there? I had told no one of my plans for the evening. However, I followed her into the hallway, and went to pick up the receiver of the telephone. She stopped me.

"Whist! Ye're no' wanted on the phone! Follow me!" She took my arm and quickly drew me into the bedroom where I had first deposited my hat and coat. She was so large, and she grabbed my arm with such vehemence that I was afraid she intended evil; but her beaming smile reassured me. Asking me to be seated on a stool, she locked the door, stood listening for a while, then cautiously unlocked and lifted the lid of a trunk. Removing several layers of packing, she fished out a gigantic bottle and two glasses. She moved to the door, stood listening again.

"It's alright," she whispered. "Now, tak' a wee drappie, and give a bit to me."

Although I am no judge, and never indulge, and always have been a teetotaler, and greatly condemn the use of spirituous liquors by others, and would be pleased to see the country go bone dry from coast to coast, I must say that there was a certain pleasant taste to it—a kind of insidious, sinfully pleasant taste.

Before the good lady unlocked the door again she spoke to me in an ethereal whisper: "Dinna tell Wee Mac about this. The bottle is mine, an' he doesna ken I've got it." We went back to the parlor and conversed with the other guests. They were quite a jolly lot.

The bag-piper wasn't such a bad old scunner as I had thought he was. I got to like him more and more, and affection was returned. I was while I was learning the bag-pipes from him that Wee Mac called me aside.

"Ye're wanted on the telephone!" he said.

Oh, yes! Perhaps it was the Old Man. I should have been getting down to work, taking notes on this social event. My conscience smote me. I would have to give the bag-piper a good write-up—dam' fine fellow—Sandy, they called him—knew a lot about different things . . . make a good interview. . . . I picked up the receiver prepared to tell the Old Man that everything was alright, and that I would have a good story for him in the morning. Wee Mac took the telephone away from me.

"Wheesh! Ye're no' wanted on the phone! Follow me!" I did.

Funny how a married couple get to look and act like one another. I had heard a lot about such a thing; but here it was brought right home to me, so to speak. Wee Mac took me into another bedroom, locked the door, stood listening for a while, then cautiously unlocked and lifted the lid of a trunk. Removing several layers of packing, she fished out a gigantic bottle and two glasses. She moved to the door, stood listening again.

"It's alright," he whispered. "Now, tak' a wee drappie, and give a bit to me."

Intoxicating liquors are the downfall of man. They have caused more sorrow and stark tragedy than the greatest wars and famines. Widows have starved, orphans have perished, and great men have gone down to the vile depths from whence they sprang, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Before Wee Mac unlocked the door again she spoke to me in an ethereal whisper: "Dinna tell the Missus about this. The bottle is mine, an' she doesna ken I've got it." We went back to the parlor.

I had many phone calls that night. On one occasion Sandy the Piper came with me to answer the ring. The Missus and Wee Mac had both placed their confidence in me, and I like them both equally well. To tell one about the other would have lost me at least one friend . . . and as I have always been noted for my trustworthiness and fidelity, I kept quiet.

The evening wore on. It was not strange that I soon began to talk with a decided Scotch accent, and even later to have difficulty in speaking anything but Gaelic—what with the Scotch talk around me, and imbibing all that Scottish atmosphere. Anyhow, I did the Hielan' Fling with the proper verve, and we all sang many Scotch ballads with Sandy on the bagpipes and myself on the organ. And Sandy and I would switch around every now and then, and Wee Mac would help us out by working the organ bellows or fingering the pipes, or groaning at great length when the low notes of the bagpipes gave out. And the Missus was a baw lassie on the Fling, ah'll tell ye that!

On towards midnight the Missus stopped the racket. We all ducked under chairs and things. But it wasn't the police, so we all went into the kitchen where there was a long table with chairs around it and a bottle of home brew at each place. Sandy was the toastmaster, and he insisted that I sit at the other end of the table so he could look at me. Then we all started blowing the corks out of the bottles.

After a while Sandy went out and I followed him. He didn't want me to; but I did. Then the Missus brought us a big platter with a steaming bag full of something on it, and she told me to carry it on top of my head. Well, Sandy started playing on his pipes and walked into the kitchen. The Missus gave me a push and I followed. As soon as I got to the door, everybody jumped up and yelled blue murder: "The Haggis!

VARSITY BASKETBALLERS LOST TWO GAMES TO Y

(Continued from Page 4)

half, but something happened during half-time that spilled the dope. Obee was the big noise for Varsity. Aside from being a tower of strength on the defence, he rushed well and accounted for five points before he was put off. Shandro was the high light of the forward line with ten points to his credit. Miller, substituting for Seibert, played a strong game, netting two baskets and a gratis throw. The team felt the need of Greenlees and Seibert. These two athletes are masters of the art, and their absence was keenly felt. Pullishy, Hickingbotham and Martell were the best men on the visiting team. Pullishy played a clean game, and netted six baskets. Martell was strong on defence, and netted seven points. The Y team have a nice system, and they sure had it working in the second half. The local lads are not discouraged over their loss, and are confident that they will turn the tables the next time these two teams clash.

The lineups:
Y.M.C.A.—Pullishy (12), Hickingbotham (9), Cathers (11), Richards (4), Perring (4), Martell (7), Johnson.

Varsity—Shandro (10), Husband (3), Brynildson (2), O'Brien (5), Harnochko (5), Miller (5), Little.

The Varsity intermediate squad dropped their final league fixture of the season to the Y by the score of 34-24. The basketball displayed was of mediocre calibre. The 49th team have already annexed the Northern Alberta championship, so nothing was at stake for the two teams to battle for. The town boys jumped into the lead early in the game and were never headed by the locals. The boys tried hard all through, but lacked the system necessary to put over a victory. They were within a few points of the victors many times, only to succumb to a rally and fall behind once more. Donaldson was the best of the Varsity hoop men. Besides netting his team 8 points he passed well and was dangerous at all times. Donaldson looks like a good man, and should be a great asset to the seniors when he gets a little more weight and experience. Esplin was the shining light of the town boys. This lanky pivot man earned 14 points. He had his eye right on the net and could not be stopped. He received sterling support from the wing men, who grabbed 8 points apiece. The game was well handled by McConachie of the 49th team.

This was the last game of the intermediates. Although they had old man tough luck on their heels all season and did not win the league, the boys deserve great praise for the hard practice they put in. The team never lacked men and the boys worked hard at all times in the face of defeat. Great praise is also due to Coach Morrison, who spent much valuable time showing the lads the fine points of the game.

FRESHMEN TO HOLD SKATING PARTY FEB. 23rd

The Freshmen have arranged their annual event in the form of a skating party and a moccasin dance to be held in the Varsity rink on Thursday of next week. Lunch will be served by the Tuck Shop. Tickets at thirty-five cents each, to include all facilities at the rink and supper, will be on sale to any member of the Frosh Class at the table in the Arts basement Monday and up to Tuesday noon of next week. The attendance is limited to Freshmen, Freshettes and their partners chosen from University students. Freshmen are urged to bring partners to avoid the possibility of a "stag" party, and to turn out en masse to put this event over big.

The Haggis!" or something like that. I got scared and dropped the platter on the floor. They got kind of mad at first; but they soon got over it, and we were all happy again.

After supper was over we had some speeches about Scotland, Robert Burns, Orangeton, the Tories and lots of other things. Towards the end Sandy, dear fellow, got up and pointed me out. They all looked at me. They all looked at me. The greatest Scotchmen that had ever-r-r come from Marxshwelton-zbraesh and Benteheosh, and that I wud guv them all a wee speech about Robbie Bur-r-r-n-s.

And that is how it all came about. Just when I was beginning to make such a lot of lovely friends something had to happen to spoil it all. I climbed to my feet and reached up to support myself on the floor, and with a heart full of love smiled benignly on the populace. I talked about the life of a great poet and recited many extracts from his poems, such as an "Ode to a Henpecked Husband," and so on. Then I told them that I, too, was a poet, and that I had paid the greatest compliment to the Scotch minstrel by trying to emulate him. They were surprised, and asked for some of my poems. So I recited some of them:

"Scots wha hae, wha ha, wha hoo! What's the pr-ice uv parridge noo?"

That went over big, although there were two or three who did not seem to like it. So I started to give them my masterpiece:

"Scots wha's hair is awfu' red! Scots wha am on porridge fed! Scots wha suffrest frae swelled head!

Gang hame an' wash your-r-r knees!"

I got no further. Sandy, bless him, shouted at me to run. I did. They must have followed me for several blocks. But I supposed they got lost, because I did. But I must have slept somewhere, because when I woke up the next morning I was in a strange place, and a man in a blue suit came to me and said, "The Old Man won't go bail for you, and he wants to tell you you're fired . . ."

Oh, well—it was a braw nicht for all that.

Mr. Hennessey Discusses Love

"Whiniver ye find," says Mr. Dooley, "such har-rd hidded individuals as Varsity studes spendin' hard ear-rned cash for sich sintimintal flapdoodles as red hearts wiv ruffles of pink 'n' gold lace decoratin' 'em—well, all I kin say is—what did they hev th' noight befor'?"

"Ye're intoinely mistakin'," says Mr. Hennessey, "that's Luv."

"Luv," says Mr. Dooley. "What dja mean, Luv?"

"'Tis Luv," replies Mr. Hennessey, settling his chaw carefully and gitting down to business. "'Tis Luv what makes the world go round, and incidentally adds to the Tuck Shop profits. 'Tis Luv what makes Saskatchewan Drive so popular in the spring time when it's all slushy an' sich. 'Tis Luv what makes Pimbina Stips so will-oaked at 11:30 o' noights. 'Tis Luv what gives Sunday hoikes (fer too) sich binifishal ee-fex."

"'Tis Luv what makes the Wauneila Sossity tear their hair when they sees conversations in the halls. 'Tis Luv what causes eruptions of red ties and green neckers. 'Tis Luv what gives the weak-minded youngers courage to take the best gal to Theatre Noight in spite of cat-calls from their more intilligent comrades. 'Tis Luv what keeps Varsity studes allus broke, busted, flat. That's what Luv is," says Mr. Hennessey. "Now, do you know, Mr. Dooley?"

"Yes," says Mr. Dooley. "That explains a lot."

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

On Sunday evening, February 12th, the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra under the able conductorship of Vernon Barford, presented its fourth concert of the season, consisting of five numbers, each of which will go down as a credible feature of the orchestra's history.

First of these was Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major. Beethoven received his first inspiration for this great work from Napoleon Bonaparte. He called it the "Eroica" Symphony. It is fiery, extremely heroic and revolutionary throughout. Technically it is very difficult and requires tremendous speed particularly on the part of the strings. A suite "Hiawatha," by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, was the next to be given by the orchestra. It is a very colorful number and represents the composer's wonderful ability in orchestration.

Edward Elgar's music always meets with deserving success. "Pomp and Circumstance March" No. 1 in A Minor was written in connection with the coronation ceremonies of King Edward VII. This march is not as familiar as "Pomp and Circumstance No. 2," which contains the famous theme "Land of Hope and Glory." In marked contrast to the march, a light, skillfully scored number for the strings was rendered, "Air de Ballet" by Percy Pitt. The concluding number of the programme was the Overture to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini," by Hector Berlioz. The overture is built on three themes, each of which is given extended treatment, and then fragments of all are heard here and there to the end. Berlioz labored under extreme difficulties and embarrassments, but his dauntless courage led him to a considerable degree of success as a symphony composer.

Mr. David Morgan had little difficulty in impressing the audience with his gift of song. He is a tenor of considerable range and power. His first numbers were "Summer Highland Day," by Peel, and "King of the Elves," by Davies. As an encore he sang "I Passed by Your Window," Mr. Vernon Barford very artistically officiated at the piano.

MED ELECTIONS

The first nomination day for the election of officers to the Medical Club will be Friday, Feb. 17th, and the last the following Friday, on which day all nominations will have to be in the hands of the secretary-treasurer of the club by noon. Elections will be held for nine positions. The president will be selected from the present fifth year, and he will be nominated by the present sixth year. The vice-president, to be selected from the present fourth year, will be nominated by the present fifth year. The secretary-treasurer, to be selected from the present third year, will be nominated by the present fourth year. The representatives of the years will be elected by members of the class of their several years. All nominations must be written and signed by the mover, the seconder, and eight other members of the club.

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ARTS-LAW TEAM IN INTERFAC PLAY-OFF

Defeat Com-Pharm and Tie With Ag-Sci Team—Com-Pharm and Med-Dent Tied

The last few games have crystallized the respective positions of the well-matched faculty teams. Arts-Law by defeating Com-Pharm and tying Ag-Sci are sure of a berth for the play-off.

The Com-Pharm had Arts-Law down 3-0 at the end of the first period. At the opening of the second period, Lessard scored for Arts-Law. Driscoll, Bayne and Burgess, all got a goal for Arts-Law in this frame. The last period was scoreless. Arts-Law 4, Com-Pharm 3. King scored for the losers.

Although Ag-Sci played a great game to keep in the running, they only succeeded in tying Arts-Law, and are thus eliminated from the play-off.

Soft ice prevented the other games. Com-Pharm and Med-Dents are tied for second place with four points each.

YEAR BOOK

There are still a few who have not ordered a Year Book. On the part of some it may be neglect—others we are convinced have not given it due consideration.

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